

Nation

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

X—NO. 34—WHOLE NO. 450.

STORY OF A CANNONEER

Reminiscences of a Detached Volunteer in a Regular Battery.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

A General Who Heard the First and Last Gun of the War.

FORCED MARCHING.

The Last of the Gallant Army of Northern Virginia.

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XXV.

STRICTLY speaking—and I am now quoting what I heard Gen. Griffin say—the operations terminating in the battle of Five Forks on the part of the Fifth Corps and the cavalry, and the forcing of the Petersburg lines by the rest of the army, up to and including April 2, should be considered a campaign by itself, though a brief one, and should be kept separate in military history from the "Appomattox campaign" proper. The General used to say that the reason for this was the fact that the movements ending in Five Forks were designed to compel Lee to abandon his fortifications and evacuate the rebel capital, and they had the desired effect. Whereas the subsequent movements ending at Appomattox Courthouse were designed to capture and destroy Lee's army itself after it was forced out into the open. Gen. Griffin was always enthusiastic about the military logic of those joint campaigns, and he considered that the handling of their forces by Grant, Meade, Sheridan and the corps commanders was equal to anything in the annals of war. He never tired of praising the joint operations of Humphreys and Wright with the Second and Sixth Corps, resulting in the battle of Sailor's Creek and the destruction of Ewell's Corps, April 6. Our Fifth Corps had nothing to do with this affair, but Gen. Griffin was just as enthusiastic about it as if he had done it himself. He got a full account of it when he halted near old Hampden-Sydney College, the night of April 7 (generally termed in the official reports "Prince Edward Courthouse"). On that occasion our headquarters were a total wreck as far as wagons, pack-mules and officers' servants were concerned. He said that so far as his reading of military history enabled him to judge, Wright and Humphreys, at Sailor's Creek, enjoyed the distinction of having captured the largest number of prisoners on a battlefield, without terms of capitulation, that was recorded in history. But this is not what I set out to do. My purpose in this number of the sketch is to give the

"ITINERARY" OF THE FIFTH CORPS from Five Forks to Appomattox Courthouse, with such observations on the movement and operations of the co-operating troops as my connection with corps headquarters enabled me to see and know. And here I will digress for a moment to say that, in writing this sketch, I have been grieved that I should be compelled to almost entirely ignore the magnificent old Second Corps. I saw much of the First, Fifth and Sixth Corps, but hardly anything of the Second. The only time I ever actually saw the troops of the Second Corps fight was when Sprigg Carroll's Brigade came over to help us on the north front of Cemetery Hill the second evening of Gettysburg. Naturally I always "measured up" the Second Corps by the performance of that brigade, which, as a matter of course, set its standard of action "away up in the nineties" in my estimation "out of a possible hundred," because I never saw anything to beat it! But I beg my comrades of the Second Corps to bear with me if I fail to give them their due credit, for the simple reason that I hardly ever saw them in action.

About daylight April 2, 1865, the Fifth Corps moved by the Ford road north from Five Forks and advanced up that road about five miles to Ford's Crossroads, which was the place where the Ford road and the Cox road crossed. Here the corps halted about 10 or 11 o'clock, and Gen. Griffin made headquarters at a little church or chapel called "Ford's Meeting House." Ayres's Division was leading, and they pushed out eastwardly on the Cox road toward Sutherland's Station, on the South Side Railroad, but had not gone more than a mile when Gen. Griffin sent a message to Gen. Ayres, which caused that officer to counter-march his division; and the whole corps, moving by its other flank, marched rapidly up what was called the Naminosine road, leading to the Appomattox River. This change of direction of the Fifth Corps was in consequence of Gen. Merritt's Cavalry Division encountering the enemy in some force where the Naminosine road forks with the river road, and it was thought that this force was the head of column of Lee's infantry retreating from Richmond and Petersburg. However, they did not turn out to be in heavy force, and Gen. Griffin being advised by Sheridan that the enemy would probably push for Amelia Courthouse, and that he desired him to take up a line at Jetersville the next day, orders were given for the corps to bivouac where they were, and be in readiness to march at 4 the next morning (April 3). This bivouac was in and about the Williamson farm, the Gen-

eral and his staff occupying the house and out-buildings. This was the last night that Gen. Griffin slept under cover until the night after Lee surrendered. I did not get much rest until midnight, being employed in communicating between Gen. Griffin and Gen. Crawford, whose division was pushed out to the Naminosine Creek, about three miles, to support Merritt's Cavalry Division, who



THE WHITE FLAG.

thought that the enemy was gathering in their front in force, between the creek crossing and the Appomattox River. Gen. Crawford was a very particular man about orders, and he always gave staff officers and Orderlies a good deal of trouble, though doubtless no more than his responsibilities required. But he was very different from either

GEN. AYRES OR GEN. BARTLETT, who frequently only glanced at an order, and unless it was very important, simply said verbally, "Report to Gen. Griffin that you delivered this order about 20 minutes past two," or whatever time it may have been. But Gen. Crawford would read it over, note the time of its receipt on the back of it, and then, as a rule, write a letter back to the corps commander, which in turn would involve a reply or a further order explaining the first one, all of which might easily keep a staff officer or courier riding all night. I think Gen. Crawford, though doubtless a gallant officer, had a mania for writing. At any rate he kept me going till after midnight April 3, and toward the last I could see that Gen. Griffin was getting out of patience, as I had to wake him up once with a return message from Gen. Crawford. However, though Gen. Crawford was peculiar, and to a great extent unpopular with his brother officers, he had the distinction of having seen and heard the first and last gun of the rebellion fired, having been under fire at Fort Sumter and at Appomattox Courthouse—a distinction which, I believe, he enjoyed all by himself, having no one to share it with him. The chief interest I took in Crawford's Division at this time was that it contained the sole surviving remnants of the old Iron Brigade—the undying 6th and 7th Wis., which, with the 91st N. Y., a regiment from my own State, formed the First Brigade of the Division, under command of Col. Kellogg. I do not know why it was, but I always had a much greater affection for the men of those three Wisconsin regiments—2d, 6th and 7th—than for any troops from my own State of New York; in fact, I liked them more, and was infinitely better acquainted in their camps than in the camp of my own volunteer regiment. But I am always getting off the track.

About 7 a. m. April 4 Capt. Vanderbilt Allen came with an order from Gen. Sheridan directing Gen. Griffin to put the Fifth Corps in motion for Jetersville, where he was expecting to block Lee's pathway, the idea then being that Lee would pull for Danville, and Jetersville was on that route. Capt. Allen said verbally to Gen. Griffin: "General, Sheridan says tell the Fifth Corps boys that he wants them to 'send themselves' for every particle of leg-power they've got, because he expects to stop Lee's infantry advance there with his cavalry, and wants support as quick as he can get it." As it was 32 miles by the roads from our bivouac at Williamson's to Jetersville, it will be seen that this was to be no plough of a forced march; particularly in April rains, with mud ankle deep, and all the creeks flooded, with hardly a bridge left on the route. The situation will be sufficiently understood when I say that the route from Williamson's to Jetersville was totally impassable for either the fighting trains or the batteries, all of which were left behind by our grand old

"FOOT CAVALRY" OF THE FIFTH CORPS. Well, we left Williamson's at 7 a. m., and at 4 p. m. Bartlett's division (formerly Griffin's) across the Danville Railroad, about half a mile in advance of Jetersville Station, having covered the 32 miles in nine hours. Maybe somebody has seen infantry marching to beat that, but I shall require affidavits before I will believe it.

At this point Col. Newhall came from Gen. Sheridan with a message, saying that the cavalry advance had struck the flankers of Lee's infantry about five miles north of our position, and that he (Sheridan) was satisfied that Lee was concentrating at Amelia Courthouse, which was not more than three miles from the point then occupied by Sheridan's Cavalry skirmishers. Col. Newhall said Sheridan did not expect the Fifth Corps to march any further on that day, but suggested that it might be well for Griffin to take up and intrench a line calculated to hold the Jetersville position till the rest of the infantry could come up, in case Lee, finding he had only the cavalry and the Fifth Corps to deal with, should attempt to dislodge them from his pathway the next morning, saying, also, that we could not absolutely depend on the Second and Sixth Corps to be up before noon or night the next day (5th), so that we might have to fight Lee's whole army there if he continued to retreat in that direction and should attempt to force his passage. Consequently our boys, after a forced march of 32 miles in nine hours in the mud, and wading creeks

up to their necks, turned to and before dark had their position quite nicely entrenched on a line covering Jetersville on the north and refused to the left, the whole making a line over a mile and a quarter long! Bartlett's and Ayres's Divisions held the line of the Danville Railroad northeast of Jetersville, forming the right and center of the Fifth Corps line of battle, while Crawford came up about 6 p. m. and occupied the part of the line on the left that was refused. In this shape the corps bivouacked for the night.

On this particular occasion, just as the General was falling asleep, Gen. Bartlett rode into our bivouac, and he and Griffin had quite a talk in underpines, which I could not make out altogether, but of which I heard enough to know that it referred to the dispositions that Gen. Crawford had made of his troops, which left a gap between his flank and that of the next division. The result of this was that Griffin told Bartlett to correct that as well as he could, but not to bother Crawford, as it might set him to writing dispatches, which, as it was quite late, and he (Griffin) was very tired, would be inconvenient.

During the 5th of April, and until 3 a. m. on the 6th, we remained in this position at Jetersville. Meantime the Second and Sixth Corps got up about daylight on the 5th and went into position, the Second Corps extending our line to the left toward Amelia Courthouse, and the Sixth forming close in our right rear. Then we felt safe enough.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning of the 6th of April Col. Whittier, of the general staff, and Capt. Pease, Gen. Meade's personal Aid-de-Camp, came up with important orders all along the line. The purpose of these orders was that the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps should move at once to Amelia Courthouse, or Amelia Springs, about three miles beyond, and attack Lee's flank, while the cavalry would stop him, so that we could force him to halt and face us. This, it was believed, would wind the thing up, as there could be no doubt of the ability of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps to annihilate what was left of Lee's army (then estimated at about 38,000 to 40,000 effective) if we could get a fair clatter at them in the open.

We were all astir in a few minutes. When I went to saddle up my little mare I found her back badly swollen. During the previous day I had had to ford Flat Creek several times, where the water came up over the saddle, and the wetting of the saddle-blanket with hard riding afterward had galled her. She was nothing but a pony, and much too light for me in that kind of service, as I then weighed over 160 pounds, though only 19 years old. So I got another and larger mare from the General's escort.

SHE WAS A BEAUTY, and also a bit of a terror. When I went to saddle her she nearly bit a chunk out of my left shoulder, and when I prepared to mount she whirled and almost kicked the cap off my right knee! But I got on top of her, and when I once felt solid in the saddle I said, "Now, my young lady, if we have a fight or a forced march to-day I will take some of those songs out of you!" I can see her now, shaking her pretty head and champing at the bit, as she said, "The General would not permit her to be ridden with a gag-bit."

The Fifth Corps now led the procession, forming the right of the army, Bartlett's Division Ayres's division following toward Amelia Courthouse, and the Sixth Corps kept on a cross roads called Hall's shop, from an old blacksmith shop there, but did not find them. The expectation on which the plan of this movement was based was that we would strike the flank of Lee's column at this crossroads, as they were supposed to be moving on the general route toward Danville from Amelia Courthouse. But as it turned out they had deflected, and so, as the Fifth Corps kept on toward Beatonsville, it slid by Lee's flank, leaving Wright and Humphreys, with the Sixth and Second Corps, to fight the Battle of Sailor's Creek, while we marched to Ligonion Ferry during the day, a clean stretch of 35 miles, from our bivouac at or near Jetersville. I might remark that "Miss Kitty" was quite docile when we got to Ligonion Ferry that evening.

The Corps halted about half a mile from the Ferry and bivouacked in the fields and groves overlooking the river about dark. All the infantry appeared to be in good heart, and as I rode through their bivouacs that night delivering messages to the Division Corps, I could not see that they were the least bit "done up," as the English say, by the unheard of forced marching they had done. I cannot be-

gin to find words to express the admiration I felt for the homesick-looking "dough boys," who had footed it that day 35 miles in 10 hours, and who were now, at nightfall, gathering round fires of rails and limbs of trees boiling coffee in their tin cups, roasting pieces of salt pork on the ends of sticks or trawlers, their caps set on the backs of their heads, their pantaloons-legs tucked in their boots, or more often into their old gray army socks, for many of the infantry wore shoes instead of boots—all soiled with mud and battered, but all "fat, ragged and sassy."

Ah, well, it was only once in a lifetime—and comparatively few lifetimes at that—when one could see in flesh and blood and nerve and pluck and manhood that immortal old Fifth Corps on its way to Appomattox! On its way, keeping step and step with Sheridan's cavalry, to get

READY TO GO IN BATTERY, when the battle was shown in the edge of the woods as Bartlett's skirmishers began to advance. I have also heard and read animated disputes as to whether Gregory's or Pearson's (formerly Bartlett's) Brigade deployed first to support the Cavalry. And I don't believe that I noticed, only I recollect that they were of Gregory's brigade, because the Fighting Parson was there himself—these men told me

that Bartlett had met a rebel general in the edge of the woods or grove, and that they had ridden off together in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse. And I also recollect seeing a young Lieutenant of the 188th N. Y., whose name I never knew, being brought back mortally wounded, even while the white flag was fluttering. As the 188th belonged to Gregory's brigade, it would seem that that brigade must have been at the front in some shape that afternoon. But, as I said before, I cannot become a party to an idle story. I cannot remember the names of those regimental controversies. They were all there anyhow—every man of the Fifth Corps—and I will not attempt to decide any question of precedence between them.

There was one incident, however, which was related to me by one of Bartlett's Orderlies, as follows: When the white flag was shown Bartlett rode out toward their skirmish-line, attended only by an Orderly or two. At a point where the road ran through an old fence he encountered a Confederate officer, a Captain or Major, I think, the Orderly said, who came forward, offering his sword, and saying: "I surrender the remnant of Corse's old Virginia Brigade!"

Bartlett replied: "I accept the surrender of the remnant of Corse's Brigade, but I have no use for that sword, and I don't suppose you will have any further use for it, either, except as a memento. You had better put it in its scabbard and keep it there! But where are your General officers?" Just at that minute, my informant said, Gen. Gordon appeared, and he and Bartlett rode off together toward the courthouses. I did not see this, but relate it as it was told to me.

I cannot exactly recall the hour of the day at which I first saw the white flag on the little rise of ground north of Gregory's position, and I have noticed that there is a difference of

time between the various historical accounts of it, written by Gens. Grant, Sheridan and Humphreys. My service as mounted Orderly had trained me to be very

PRECISE ABOUT MATTERS OF TIME, and I was always instructed to look at my watch, or get the time from whatever brigade or division commander I carried a dispatch to, and note the same carefully in my Orderly note-book. I suppose that if I had caught up with Gen. Bartlett on that occasion I would have noted the time in my book to a minute by the watch; but as he had gone on to Appomattox Courthouse, I turned back, and, as before stated, went over among the men of Gregory's Brigade to make inquiries as to what was going on.

Within a very short time after the white flag fluttered nearly all our corps and division commanders, and some of the brigade commanders, went over to the courthouses from our side—Sheridan, Griffin, Gibbon, Ord, Custer, Bartlett and several others—where they found Gens. Grant, Meade, Humphreys, Wright, Seth Williams, and I do not know how many more, but I should say 30 or 40, from the other wing of the army, who had come up on the other (north-east) side of the courthouses.

Considering that this was the greatest surrender of history, and the concluding scene of the most terrible war, I think that the duties which Gen. Griffin imposed upon me were of a rather unheroic character. He sent me indignantly to the rear, down toward Appomattox Station, to hunt up the servants and house-keepers of the corps headquarters, as we had no wagons, except a few ambulances and carts, and instructed me to "whop up something to eat!"

I always regretted this exceedingly, as I was dreading of staying with the General, over at the Courthouse, and thus witnessing the final scenes. However, I had got a glimpse of the McLean House, and had seen Lee's Orderly holding his horse in the doorway, while his chief and one of his aides were talking the terms of the great surrender indoors. But, as I had to go back nearly three miles to carry out Gen. Griffin's orders, and had to go at once before Lee came out of the house, I did not get a chance to go to the McLean House.

Riding back through the woods along the old Lynchburg road, which the inhabitants call the "South road," I soon came out to the point where the flag of truce was first shown. The words or terms of the surrender were not on the ground. Several of them, seeing that I came from the direction of the Courthouse, halted me to inquire, "Say, Yank, what the hell's that?" They were the Johnnies, who had stacked their arms and were loading about on the ground. Several of them, seeing that I came from the direction of the Courthouse, halted me to inquire, "Say, Yank, what the hell's that?" They were the Johnnies, who had stacked their arms and were loading about on the ground. Several of them, seeing that I came from the direction of the Courthouse, halted me to inquire, "Say, Yank, what the hell's that?" They were the Johnnies, who had stacked their arms and were loading about on the ground.

I told them that to the best of my knowledge it was, and that I had seen our officers and their large numbers going into a house near the Courthouse, apparently for a conference. When I got to our line—as the two lines were still maintained at that time, though all the muskets were stacked on both sides—our fellows were equally desirous to learn the news. I gave them all the information I had, which was the same that I had given the Johnnies, as above stated. Then I rode rapidly back to find the headquarters and whop up the negroes. I found the headquarters outfit at the corner of the Courthouse, about half a mile northeast of Appomattox Station, the distance between the station and the courthouses being about two-and-a-half or three miles. After suitably "whoping up" the colored servants, and putting the "headquarter supply train," consisting of four pack-mules, one ambulance and two or three country carts—in motion, and impressing the General's cook with the necessity of "prompt and vigorous action," I rode back again toward our infantry line. By this time it was 12:30, or maybe 1 o'clock. So far as the main Army of the Potomac—Second and Sixth Corps and detachments of the Cavalry, apart from the courthouses—were concerned, the little village or hamlet where the negotiations were going on was between their picket-line and that of the rear guard of Lee's army, consisting of Ewell's Division, of Longstreet's old Corps. But our line—Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps, and the cavalry south-west and west of the courthouses—the picket-

lines STILL FACED EACH OTHER, though "at rest," and, as it proved, a rest for ever—still faced each other in the groves and fields between the road leading to Appomattox Station and the main Lynchburg pike, this ground forming the Le Grand, Inge, Trent and Wright farms.

About half way between the station and the Courthouse, just after you pass Inge's house going toward the Courthouse, the Prospect road forks with the main Lynchburg pike, and here I found four of the Fifth Corps batteries. They were old D, of the 1st N. Y., (Winslow's) and afterward Richardson's, but then commanded by Lieut. Delos Johnson; the equally famous H, of the 1st N. Y., with gallant Charles Mink still at its head; Griffin's old D, 5th U. S., then commanded by Lieut. Rawles, and of course, our own Old Gibbon's and Stewart's B, 4th U. S., under command of Lieut. Vose. I did not see



THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

[Suggested by a G. A. R. parade.]

BY T. C. HARRINGTON, CARSTOWN, O.

I stood and watched the gallant ranks With martial tread sweep by, And here and there I plainly saw The soldier's moistened eye. The stirring past of twenty years Appeared a distant dream, Until I saw an empty cuff "Got sewed to a shoulder-ream."

Before me was the sacrifice That our old soldiers bore The sturdy arm that filled the sleeve Had moldered with the dead. Perchance the bloom of Georgia's field Is blushing where it lies; Perhaps Virginia's sacred soil Holds its own honored price.

A frosted head, an empty sleeve— Ah! what a story they tell Of the midnight march, the wild foray, The battle's lurid hell! The parting kiss, the last embrace, The armings for the strife. The hurried march, in the flush of youth, For a measured Nation's life.

Doff your hat to the missing arm! Honor the dangling blue! If it had not bled, ah! what would be This lovely land to you? The Stars and Stripes beside the pines— Above Nevada's snows— The same proud flag beside the sea Where the orange blossom blows!

Ah! greater than the Legion's cross On breast of Marshall tower, And grander than King Henry's crest In the empty sleeve of a hero. No crown was in the scales of war When that good arm was lost; A Nation was the price it won, And countless tears the cost.

With pride I watched the gallant ranks Go by the other day: The empty sleeve in silence told Of the empty sleeve of a hero. The stirring life, the rattling drum, Made music on the air, And over them in glory waved Our banner proud and fair.

I know not where the good arm lies, On land or 'neath the sea; I know not this—I ask no more— 'Twas lost for you and me. If I had seen the noble ranks With me you could believe That the proudest badge a man can wear Is a soldier's empty sleeve!

FORT DONELSON'S GHOST. An Apparition Which General Grant Welcomed to His Camp. The camps of Gen. Grant's army were lighting up the thick woods just beyond the Tennessee; the gunboats were hurrying up the swollen river, while the snows and rains of February turned the ice into the first day of the terrible battle at Fort Donelson, the sudden change of weather brought to the soldiers agonies of cold and suffering.

The fight lasted three long days. Shot and shrapnel drove the rebels from the river, the gunboats driven back by heavy losses, but Grant's fearless men kept up the siege until the fort surrendered. After the victory the whole North was exultant. The bells rang joyfully, gave them all the information I had, which was the same that I had given the Johnnies, as above stated. Then I rode rapidly back to find the headquarters and whop up the negroes. I found the headquarters outfit at the corner of the Courthouse, about half a mile northeast of Appomattox Station, the distance between the station and the courthouses being about two-and-a-half or three miles. After suitably "whoping up" the colored servants, and putting the "headquarter supply train," consisting of four pack-mules, one ambulance and two or three country carts—in motion, and impressing the General's cook with the necessity of "prompt and vigorous action," I rode back again toward our infantry line. By this time it was 12:30, or maybe 1 o'clock. So far as the main Army of the Potomac—Second and Sixth Corps and detachments of the Cavalry, apart from the courthouses—were concerned, the little village or hamlet where the negotiations were going on was between their picket-line and that of the rear guard of Lee's army, consisting of Ewell's Division, of Longstreet's old Corps. But our line—Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps, and the cavalry south-west and west of the courthouses—the picket-

Battery B, 1st N. Y., but it was on hand on another part of the line, under command of Capt. Bob Rodgers. It did me a great deal of good to see these old and famous batteries "in at the death" after their four years of battle; but I felt sorry that Capt. Charles Phillips and his equally good and famous old 5th Mass. could not have been in line with the Fifth Corps at Appomattox, it having been detached and put in the reserve when we left the trenches on the 25th of March.

I suppose in fairness I must confess that Griffin's old Battery D was "entitled to take the cake" here, because it had been at the first Bull Run, and was now on hand at Appomattox, while our own old B had to take second place to that record. However, I felt that we had record enough, even if we hadn't been at the first Bull Run! Frank and I had some good Sydney Johnson's Utah expedition of 1857, and I admitted that their battery had been at the first Bull Run, etc., but got even on the fact that ours had been at Buena Vista before theirs was ever thought of! (The 5th Art. not having been organized until 1861.)

But, on the whole, I thought it was peculiarly appropriate that these four most famous and oldest batteries of the Fifth Corps—Griffin's, Stewart's, Mink's and Winslow's (or Richardson's)—should have been selected out of the whole Artillery Brigade to be on hand at Appomattox! It may be interesting to remark that there were in our old battery at this moment three men who had been with it in Albert Sydney Johnson's Utah expedition of 1857, and who had helped fight it in every battle of the Army of the Potomac from the second Bull Run to the end, except when they might have been absent, wounded. They were Orderly-Sergeant Henry C. Moore, Line Sergeant Jas. Main and Line Sergeant Peter Wiley. There was also one of the veteran Wisconsin volunteers, Fred Detloff—the only one of the original detached volunteers still present.

These four I suppose may call the "Roster of the stayers, from away back." The others were all good men, but mostly recruits who had joined since I left the battery the previous July, and I did not know many of them. Among those I remember were our Corps' Past Poliss and Ben De Lanooy, Bugler Max Reese and Bennett, Hill, Alexander, Ludlow, Eph. Crocker, Erringer, Daniels, Majors, etc.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

[Suggested by a G. A. R. parade.]

BY T. C. HARRINGTON, CARSTOWN, O.

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

An Old Virginian's Experience During the War.

OLD SALEM CHURCH.

Battlefields of Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Marye's Hights where Sedgwick Did Heavy Fighting.

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IT seems to me that the Wilderness battlefield is the most dreary and terrible one of all the battlefields that I have traversed. Not from its present appearance, for the grass is growing green in the clearings, and the houses and outbuildings of farms painted or whitewashed; but a chill comes over me every time I ride over the turnpike east from Locust Grove to the

crossroads at the old Wilderness Tavern. I involuntarily find myself thinking of probably the most mournful, air that I ever heard, sung by a Federal soldier in whose face a shell had exploded, making him a most pitiable sight. He was going back on the pike toward Locust Grove, and had probably been wounded two days, as this was the 8th of May, 1864. He was everything but sad in his conversation, for he spoke to me very cheerfully, and told me that he had been



GIVING THE WOUNDED MAN TOBACCO.

directed to go back on the road to where he would meet a guard with prisoners. He asked me for a "chaw" of tobacco, which I readily gave him, for while I do not use it myself, yet I was taking some over to the Confederate army for my sons or neighbors, many of whom I expected to find wounded, to whom tobacco would be a great solace. I cannot remove that man's face from my mind when in the Wilderness country, and the mournful dirge will resound in my ears.

Therefore I prefer leaving the Wilderness, even though it brings me to another great battlefield (Chancellorsville), over which nearly as much boasting was done as over the first Manassas. We of the South were led to believe that Gen. Lee had but 50,000 men, while Gen. Hooker had over 120,000. We knew that a portion of Longstreet's Corps were detached and down about Suffolk and toward Norfolk, gathering supplies from the country. I have heard them telling about Negro insurrection had occurred under Nat Turner. Men of Pickett's Division who there have told me that

NAT TURNER'S SKULL

still remained nailed on a post at the forks of the road when they passed there, but I have my doubts of the skull being Turner's, the insurrection having occurred so many



THOMAS JACKSON AND HIS UNCLE.

years previous. Yet there is no doubt of a skull having been there at the time mentioned, and they probably put another skull on when one was blown or broken off. The important officer lost by the Confederate side at Chancellorsville, Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, has been written and spoken of so much that I must attempt to explain the liking of his troops for him. One writer says: "Indeed, it was not only the military achievements of Jackson that had endeared him to the Southern people, but something pre-eminently great in his character. He was so pure, so noble, so untiring and so brave that all heads bowed to